National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1899. VOL. XVIII—NO. 47—WHOLE NO. 942.

A Boy Lieutenant in a Black Regiment.

By CAPT. FREE S. BOWLEY, First Lieutenant, 30th U. S. C. T.

The route designated in my orders, and for which I was furnished transportation by the Quartermaster's Department, was by steamer from Washington, down the Potomac River to Fortress Monroe, thence to Norfolk; from there through the Dismal Swamp Canal to Albemarle Sound; thence by steamer to Newbern, and from Newbern to Goldsboro by railroad.

The trip through the Dismal Swamp Canal was made in a flat-bottomed, stern-wheeled steamer, the class known as "wheelbarrow boats." Arriving at the south end of the canal, the steamer, which was a poor sea boat, was delayed 48 hours by a heavy gale. At Roanoke Island another tedious delay occurred.

Hotel accommodations were limited, and 13 of us were packed into the attic chamber of the little shanty which was called a "hotel." The bill of fare was hot saleratus biscuit, sweet potatoes, fried bacon, and fried mullets, the last being a fat, greasy fish very abundant in that vicinity. A number of wrecks were scattered on the beach. When Gen. Burnside captured Roanoke Island these vessels had been destroyed by the Confederates to prevent their falling into the hands of the Yankees. The mouth of the Neuse River was also obstructed by sunken vessels, but the obstructions had proved no obstacle to the Yankee tars.

WITH THE REGIMENT AGAIN.

From Newbern to Goldsboro the trains were operated by the United States Military Railroad authorities, and the amount of service that they succeeded in obtaining out of each locomotive was something astonishing.

When I arrived at Goldsboro I found Maj. Smith in command of the regiment, and he at once ordered me to take command of my own company, the Captain being absent, wounded.

My reception by the men of Co. H was a most cordial one. The officer who had charge of the company was a Lieutenant, recently appointed. He had neither the tact nor the experience to command colored men, and as a result the company was making a very poor showing.

Many recruits had been obtained since the capture of Wilmington, and the active campaign had allowed but little chance for drilling. The old soldiers were particularly disgusted with the awkwardness and stupidity of the recruits, forgetting that there had been a time when they, too, were raw and awkward. Great things in the way of drills had been promised the recruits by the veterans "when de little Lieutenant come back," and I found my reputation as a drill-master at stake. On my first drill I called all the old soldiers to the front and put them through the manual, and found they still remembered my former instructions.

Then I divided the recruits into little squads, and, selecting the best-drilled non-commissioned officers and men, set them at work on the squads, watching all of them closely in the meantime. The old men were extremely anxious to please me and to bring the company up to its former high standard. It was noticeable that the recruits who had been slaves were a very different class from our old Baltimore and Maryland men.

"'Pears like dese yer Norf Car'leena mokes is de dumbest niggers alive. Dey's reg'lar Guineas!" said a disgusted Corporal to me one day. It must be admitted that great patience had to be exercised with them. It was a new experience to me to be addressed, as I frequently was, as "Massa" or "Boss."

Some of the new men were downright ugly. One of them answered me back saucily on drill. In less than five minutes he was tightly "bucked and gagged," the "gag" used being the bayonet of his own gun. He was kept in that uncomfortable position until he was well humbled. The men would have thrashed him soundly afterwards if they had not been warned to leave him alone.

In a day or two after my return to the regiment I was ordered on "fatigue duty" with a detail of 200 men. Sherman's great army had been encamped all around Goldsboro, and the plains were covered with the filth and debris of old camps. Hot weather was coming on, and it was necessary to destroy all decaying substances, to prevent the spread of disease.

MEETING WITH COL. POOLE.

The terrible visitation of the yellow fever was feared, and every precaution was taken to prevent it. Everything that could be burned was destroyed that way, and the rest buried. My men were all working busily, and I sought the shade of an attractive-looking house, surrounded by a fine garden. Upon the piazza was a middle-aged man in a gray suit. His face seemed familiar to me, but I could not recall where I had seen it.

"Good morning, sah; won't yo' come up hyah in de shade?" he said.

Then I recognized him. It was Col. Poole, formerly of the 14th N. C. H. A., the officer who had abused me so heartily at Goldsboro a little more than two months before.

"This is Col. Poole?" I said.

"Yes, sah; but I don't remember evah having the pleasure of meeting yo' hefo', sah. Fact is, sah, I meet so many of yo' Northern gentlemen recently that I don't quite remember yo' all."

"But I remember you perfectly, Colonel," I said. "I was among those Yankee prisoners confined in the Courthouse over there during the last week of February. I escaped, and one of your men arrested me and took me to your office. You told me that if you had your way none of us would ever be sent back alive. I told you that we might meet again. Do you remember that?"

The Colonel flushed. It was plain that he remembered the incident, and he did not relish the situation.

"I am a paroled prisoner, sah," he said, with an attempt at dignity.

"And it's a good thing for you that you are, sir," I answered angrily; "for if you were free to defend yourself you would have a chance to show your courage, and prove whether you are a soldier or only a contemptible coward who bullies unarmed men!"

"I AM A PAROLED PRISONER, SAH,' HE SAID, WITH AN ATTEMPT AT DIGNITY."

As I spoke some of the men entered the front gate. They had come to fill their conteens with water, and had heard every word of the conversation.

"Take yo' niggers off my premises, sah, or I'll set my dawg on them," said Col. Poole angrily, and as he whistled a big brute of a dog came out.

The dog growled and started towards the soldiers, but he never reached them. A shot from my pistol stopped him, and he turned over, yelping, in mortal agony. The Colonel sprang up as though he would have assaulted me, and instantly two of the black soldiers, powerful men, bounded up the steps and seized him roughly, forced him backwards, and would have choked him to death had they not been ordered to release him.

"Jes' say de word, Lieutenant, an' dis ole Secesh goes down in de ole well ober yander. We'll put him under 30 feet of groun' in no time! Bury him so deep dat he'll nebber hear de toot of Gabriel's horn!"

"Release him, boys," I said; and addressing the Colonel as he arose, pale and breathless: "You see, sir, that that temper of yours is liable to get you into trouble. You want to understand distinctly that the 'nigger-driving' days are over, and that it won't do for you to set your dog on any one wearing the United States uniform. If you want to be protected as a paroled prisoner, conduct yourself like a gentleman. Good day, sir!"

The men were so extremely anxious to retaliate on the Confederate officer that I moved them away to another locality, fearing that they would do him or his property some mischief.

AT MOREHEAD CITY.

The regiment did not remain long at Goldsboro. Their services were needed near the coast, and they were sent by railroad to Morehead City, the terminus of the railroad, in Beaufort Harbor, N. C. Fort Macon, situated at the mouth of the harbor, was a desirable post, as was the village of Beaufort; but the 30th U. S. C. T. were not fotunate enough to secure either place.

The regiment was encamped on a hot, dusty plain outside of the town limits. One flank of the regiment rested in a graveyard; the other flank reached a swamp. Heavy details were made for fatigue duty, and many ships and steamers loaded with supplies for the army had their cargoes transferred to the cars by the working parties of black soldiers. All of the arms and public property that had been surrendered by the rebel army commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston came down on the trains to Morehead City, and were unloaded by our men.

There were car-loads of muskets thrown together loosely in piles, many of them loaded and capped. Sometimes some of them went off, and that no one was killed by the careless handling was simply a piece of good luck.

The men became restless and uneasy. The hard work and tiresome drills in the hot, dirty sand was such a contrast to the stirring, exciting scenes of actual campaigning that discontent began to creep in among them. To counteract this feeling furloughs were granted to many of the most deserving men, and the officers busied themselves in obtaining for the men their back bounty, which, in many cases, was long over due. But, in spite of all this, the restless spirit of the negro soldier manifested itself. Every chicken-roost and watermelon patch for miles around was raided, and everything stolen that could be carried off. Midnight roll-calls were sometimes made, and very severe punishment meted out to those who were caught outside of the camp limits without permission.

A drum and fife corps were organized; our old original drummers and buglers having nearly all disappeared. A new and better location was chosen for the camp, and "A" tents were issued to take the place of the shelter-tents. Teams were furnished to haul lumber for tent floors, and pine boughs to make shades for the tents. But some men disappeared, and for the first time the word "deserter" appeared upon the rolls of the regiment. An incident occurred on the Fourth of July that showed the temper of the men. The colored people living in the village of Beaufort were extremely desirous of celebrating the Fourth of July by a parade, music and speeches. It was the first National celebration in which they could take part as freemen, and they decided to parade in honor of their recently acquired freedom. There were many old veteran Confederates in Beaufort, and the idea of a "nigger procession" was so distasteful to them, that they notified the leading colored men that the parade would not be allowed.

The colored men appealed to Gen. Bates, who was commanding the District, and he told them to go ahead with their parade, and ordered Co. F, Capt. Proctor commanding, to proceed to Beaufort and act as escort for the colored procession. This exasperated the rebel element greatly, and threats were made to attack the soldiers, procession and all concerned. These rumors were so numerous that it was deemed best to have the men remain in camp on the Fourth of July. This Fourth being the first one after the war, the Honorable Secretary of War directed that a National salute should be fired at noon from every National fort, and a similar order was issued to all warships of the navy. But very few of the officers, and none of the men, were aware of this order. Precisely at noon the guns of Fort Macon thundered forth, and at the same time three or four gunboats in the harbor began their salute. As the sound of the guns came over the water, the men sprang to their feet and listened intently. A dozen discharges followed in quick succession, and as they listened, the drummer of the guard, who had been sent to beat the dinner call, commenced sounding the long roll. When the men heard the r-r-r-r-r-r-r of the long roll there was a general yell and rush for their guns and accouterments.

The Sergeants were yelling "Fall in!" and the companies were in line in a few seconds. In sharp, nervous tones the men were counting off: "One!" "Two!" "One!" "Two!" "De Johnnies hab jumped de Co. F boys!" was the general exclamation. Some of the recruits who did not understand the meaning of the long roll were kicked into their places by the impatient Sergeants, and cursed most heartily for their stupidity. Officers came running to their companies, buckling on swords and revolvers as they ran. The camp was a scene of lively excitement.

When the mistake was discovered, there was a general expression of disappointment among the men that the alarm had been a false one. "Jess like to gib dem yar Johnnies one more warmin'; reckon dey needs it!" they said.

Nearly all of the officers commanding companies were carrying on their official returns a much greater number of knapsacks, haversacks and canteens than they could possibly account for. These articles had been lost and thrown away by the men during the active campaigning, and the company commanders were responsible for them. To be sure, they could charge them on the 'pay-roll against the men, but it was manifestly unfair to deduct the price of a knapsack from the small pay of a soldier who had thrown it off, that he might be free to do his best in a charge or the forward rush of a skirmish-line. The "military" way was to have an inspection of wornout articles by an officer appointed for that purpose, and on his order the condemned articles could be destroyed, and the officer who was responsible for them allowed to drop them from his report. Accordingly, the company commanders gathered together as many as possible of old knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, wornout shelter-tents and other "camp" and garrison equipage. At their request the Division Inspector came to inspect and condemn these articles. They were piled at the end of the company street, and the Captain of the first company who wished to be relieved of something like the following, "15 knapsacks, 12 haversacks, 9 canteens, 14 shelter- tents, 20 great-coat straps," would have his blanks already prepared and would count the articles off in the presence of the Inspector.

The Inspector would say: "All right, Captain; these articles are inspected and condemned. Have them destroyed immediately."

"Yes, sir," the Captain would say. "Please be kind enough to step into my tent and have a little refreshment while you are signing the inspection reports." Calling a Sergeant the Captain would say: "Sergeant, take those articles away and destroy them."

While the Inspector was signing the reports and partaking of the "refreshment," which was in a bottle, the Sergeant would carry the articles over to the next company, and the officers there would fix up the proper number to equalize their reports. Then the Inspector would go through the same performance, including "refreshment," and the articles would be passed along to another man. Before half the companies were inspected, the Inspector was in such a genial condition that he was willing to take their word for anything, and before the inspection was completed he would have condemned any amount of anything, had it been requested of him.

But, as the inspection was only a "matter of form" anyway, it could hardly be called cheating; certainly it was not fair to make officers and men pay for a lot of old rubbish that had been lost on the battlefields. We were longing for a change and we got it. In comparison with our new station, Morehead City was a bustling town. In October the regiment was ordered to Roanoke Island, and on this flat, sandy, swampy island we passed some very disagreeable weeks. There were a number of forts on the island, armed with heavy old-fashioned cast-iron smooth-bore cannon, and it was to remove these and their stores of ammunition that the regiment was sent to Roanoke. It was necessary to take a complete inventory of all these cannon, count all the piles of round shot, stands of grape and canister, and barrels of powder. Three Captains were detailed for this purpose, and in the performance of their duty the following incident occurred:

On entering the magazine at Fort Parke, they took off their shoes and put on carpet slippers. A "magazine lantern" was provided to hold the candle which furnished the light. The barrels of powder were piled three tiers high, with wooden chocks between each barrel to allow a free circulation of air. As one of the officers raised the lantern to take a survey, it fell apart, and the lighted candle fell out on top of the upper tier of powder barrels. For a second it rested, then slid off to the middle tier, and slipped through the bottom tier to the ground, still burning. One officer started to run; the second one nearly fainted, and the third man reached down and extinguished the candle with his hand. The nerves of all of them were badly shaken, though probably there was no actual danger. Still, the sensation of standing in a powder magazine and watching a lighted

(Continued on second page.)

A Union Man in Richmond

Personal Recollections of the Great Rebellion by a Man on the Inside.

BY A NATIVE VIRGINIAN.

Soon after we left, Gen. Averell arrived with 5,000 cavalry, and fiercely charged the rear of Johnston's and McCausland's forces,—7,000 strong, who were already fleeing,—and followed them to Moorfield, passed out of the town to the Virginia side, and were taken captives to Richmond; a bold act indeed, considering that there were some 7,000 Federal soldiers in and about Cumberland at the time.

"HE ESCAPED WITH THE MONEY, LEAVING HIS WIFE AND CHILD IN THE BUGGY."

returning next day with some 250 prisoners; also much recovered property—horses, carriages, jewelry, and even women's dresses, which the Confederates had confiscated during the burning and looting of Chambersburg; and many soldiers came into New Creek riding in carriages and buggies, and dressed in women's clothing—shawls and bonnets, etc. It beat a circus. And then came Gen. Averell at the head of his command, greeted with thousands of shouts and cheers.

The prisoners were placed in open space near the road, and guarded. Gen. Averell went to the village hotel, where I stopped, and was soon joined by his wife and little daughter from Piedmont, the General's Headquarters. Being introduced to him, I was very favorably impressed with his cordial, gentle manners and unpretentious demeanor. We became intimate, and his wife and I furnished much music—violin and piano, also vocal—for the officers and other guests of the hotel.

I was also introduced to the "red-headed Captain" who made the charge up the side of Piano Mountain. He was a glorious man, bright as a dollar, and brave almost to a fault. He was the last man to bid me good-by when I left the post a few days later, and ran along by the side of the car window holding to my hand until the cars were speeding away. Where are all these friends now? Who shall answer? What was his name? which I do not remember at this day.

Bidding all adieu, I left for Cumberland, armed with a letter of introduction to Maj.-Gen. Kelley, commanding at that point. I was kindly received, and was given a collation the next night, after serenading him at his hotel, assisted by a local band.

Maj. Drake had shown me my brother's name among the list of arrivals from the South. He had arrived four or five months before me, from Staunton. I finally learned that he was at Norfolk, Va., through an advertisement he had inserted in the Baltimore *American*, and I have always felt kindly towards that paper since, though I do not even know the present editor. Chas. Fulton was editor at that period.

OFF FOR THE NORTH.

I could go no further on the road east; so, after three weeks' delay at Cumberland, and, armed with a pass from Gen. Kelley, I took the stage up the beautiful Cumberland Valley, stopping all night at the town of Bedford; the next morning proceeding to Bedford Springs, rested, then on to "Bloody Run Station," where I took the cars for Harrisburg, Pa., stopping all night. Had a controversy with a "Copperhead," which I concluded by telling him he could go to Richmond, where he would be sure of getting a job on the Richmond *Enquirer*, and at which he became angered; but the proprietor and others laughed him out of the office.

I had registered as a Union refugee, Richmond, Va., as I always had done, and which attracted his attention. It seemed that I had friends everywhere, and I certainly had passed through many strange, mysterious, and sometimes sad scenes. On the following morning I proceeded on my journey to Baltimore; this was about the 1st of October, 1864. Soon after arriving I read in the papers an account of the capture of Gen. Kelley, also Gen. Crook, at their hotel, Cumberland, Md., by a disguised Confederate cavalry squad.

At the hotel they called for these two Generals on immediate and important business. Being directed to their rooms, the Confederates presented pistols and commanded them to order their horses and strictly obey their command. To save their lives, the two Generals obeyed, and

Arriving in Baltimore, I visited the Pike family, of that city, on Baltimore street, and they fairly took me in their arms. They were Hebrews, and a strong Union family. The old folks came from Richmond with their daughters, three in number, after sending their two sons North, the latter having both been music pupils of mine.

Abraham, the youngest, escaped North on a blockade-runner from Wilmington, N. C., the Captain refusing at first to secrete him on board, even for gold, but promised to call at his hotel that night; which he did. Abraham had his violin with him, and, between the music and $200 in gold, the Captain surrendered. Thus our modern Orpheus charmed the devil and had his desires gratified.

Under the Captain's direction Abraham was smuggled on board late at night, just before the sailing of the blockade-runner. But the next morning, "Sail ho!" and a United States gunboat was in sharp pursuit. Wood, coal, and everything that would make her move faster was used, but to no purpose. It was a long race, but solid shot and shell began to arrive, and soon the blockade-runner threw up the sponge and hove-to; but before she did so a rope was cut at her taffrail, which let down a box into the ocean. This Abraham witnessed.

The blockade-runner was taken to New York City, where the passengers, including Abraham, were set at liberty, Abraham going to Baltimore. Moses Pike escaped by way of Fredericksburg, and a little "monish" helped the latter much. The balance of the family finally secured passport North by a flag-of-truce boat.

After corresponding with my brother from Baltimore, I proceeded to Philadelphia, visiting another Union family from Richmond—the Seamons, on Third street, and went with his youngest daughter, Laura, to the Chestnut Street Theater. She had also been a pupil of mine in Richmond. Reaching New York City, I went to French's Hotel, near the City Hall Park, where, in former days, I had been, having stopped there a month with other young friends during the opening of the "Crystal Palace" in 1853 or 1854.

I went to see Joe Jefferson at the Broadway Theater the first night of my arrival. He played "Solon Shingle," and finely, too, as de plays all of his characters. The following morning I called on Mr. Nelson Sizer at Fowler & Wells, phrenologists, and carried him a message from his son, George W. Sizer, an intimate friend and room-mate of mine in Richmond. It was the first message he had received from his son for nearly three years.

I had much interesting conversation with him and the Messrs. Fowler and Wells. Mr. Sizer gave me a letter of introduction to Horace Greeley, but I never could find him at his office. Then I called on ex-Police Commissioner George W. Matsell, whom I had known before. He not being in at the time, I left my card, and upon calling again he threw up his hands in astonishment and greeted me kindly indeed. At that time he was managing an extensive private detective agency, and was also proprietor of the *National Police Gazette*. He was a man of influence, and gave me letters of introduction to the Harper Brothers, Franklin Square, who treated me most courteously.

Mr. Matsell gave me letters to Robert Bonner, of the *Ledger;* Dewitt, and others, and invited me most cordially to make his office my headquarters. I then hunted up Theodore Thomas, the popular musical director, and he was delighted to see me. Theodore and his father, Augustus Thomas, had been my principal music instructors in Portsmouth, Va., 10 or 12 years before. Theodore was the boy violinist of the Navy-yard (Government) Band. His father, Augustus, was a Bandmaster, and Heinrich Bruhns was Leader. Theodore took me to "Irving Hall" to hear his band practice some new music, and we had a pleasant time, drank lager, and was introduced to a thousand, more or less, Germans as the cleverest pupil he and his father ever had in Virginia, and I was for the time lionized by the German musicians. He was popular, and has done more to elevate the musical taste of the people than any other man in America. His father performed well on 10 different instruments, but Theodore would only play on the violin.

I now proceeded to walk up Broadway, after leaving Irving Hall, and passing the St. Nicholas, there stood the late Chief Clerk of the Confederate Treasury, Robert Butler, in the doorway. "Bob" was a student with me at Webster Institute, a semi-military college, at Portsmouth, Va., about '52 and '53; but I did not see him in Richmond, because I had no desire to visit any of the Departments of the Confederate Government.

MEETS A REBEL DEFAULTER.

Now, the reader will please go back with me to the Fall of 1863. I had been to the farm house of Mr. James Collins, farmer and miller near Greenville, some nine miles from Staunton, on a hunting expedition; and I got on the Valley stage at Mr. Collins's door to return to Staunton. There were three passengers besides myself—one lady, one gentleman, and one little boy, who lay across his mother's lap, and his papa was playing with him.

We mutually bowed, and looking at the man, I was sure he was my old schoolmate and friend, Robert Butler; but he making no sign that he recognized me, I said: "Mr. Butler, I am pleased to see you." He replied: "Really, sir, I do not remember you, and, besides, my name is Henderson, and I am on my way from the Springs to my home south." I mentioned Webster Institute, but he knew nothing of it whatever. This was strange indeed. Looking at his wife, I readily noted that she was getting agitated and kept her head down.

I dropped the subject, but next morning went over to the Virginia Hotel, in Staunton, and inquired for the party who came on the stage the evening before.

"They have gone for a ride to the Weirs Cave, but will return this evening," replied the clerk, Jeany Peyton, whom I knew.

Two days after I read in a Richmond paper of the mysterious disappearance of Robert Butler, Chief Clerk of the Confederate Treasury, with probably nearly a million dollars! I smiled; no wonder Bob did not know me! Later the papers said he was pursued near the Weirs Cave by Confederate cavalry, but escaped with the money, leaving his wife and child in the buggy. Bob had exchanged the money for United States money, however. Back to New York and the St. Nicholas: "How are you, Bob, I said as I entered the door where Bob was smoking a cigar?

Stepping forward, he shook my hand and cried: "How are you, Joe! Tell me about my wife and child; they did not misuse them, did they?"

I reassured him, giving him a full account of what had happened after he jumped for the bushes. His wife and child were all right, there being nothing against them. He then said: "I knew you well enough on the stage, and my wife was alarmed at some one who knew me; she did not know you, being only a small girl when you lived in Portsmouth; you understand it all now."

I did, and was amused, as I did not care if he had stolen Jeff Davis, old Judah P. Benjamin, and the Confederate press combined. I told Mr. Mastell, and he was interested and much amused, too.

OLD MEMORIES.

Now to Portsmouth, where I met Bob on the street. He had met his wife and child, I believe. A few old friends refused to speak to him, but most people only laughed. I was Commissary Storekeeper a short time in Portsmouth. Gen. Viele commanded. Capt. Lucas was Commissary-in-Chief of the post. I met many old friends, including my old friend Mr. John Neaville and his interesting family, and my brother, of course, and others too numerous to mention.

Mr. Neaville was the leading Union man